

CENTURION

100TH C.A.B.T.C.

CENTURION

No.23

Official Organ of the
--100th Canadian Army (Basic) Training Centre--

MAY, 43



Back the Attack!
❖ BUY MORE ❖
Victory Bonds!

W.E. MERRICK

CONDUCTING A DRAFT

A ROAMIN' WE'LL GO!
BY
G.W.S.

Chapter V

--- o ---

It was a very thankful subaltern that finally crawled into his bunk that night. Winnipeg had long since receded into the past.

Lieut. Sword-Frog's sleep was not easy by any manner or means. For hours as he listened to the rhythmic pounding of the train wheels, he conjured up visions of himself being court-martialed, hanged, shot, drawn and quartered, and probably boiled in oil. He was tormented by visions of a vitrolic brigadier loudly demanding that his head be delivered upon a charger. Finally he fell asleep to dream that he was being pursued by regiments of red-faced brigadiers, all of whom carried large bowls to collect his blood. Turn and twist, run as he might, hide; it was no use the pursuers gained upon him. One had out-distanced the remainder, his large, very large hand reached out and grasped our perspiring hero.

"IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK," said a very loud voice that apparently belonged to a very black hand.

"Very-well, I'm awaaaaaaaaaaaaake," and Sword-Frog was once more asleep.

"Youall done tol' me, to pull you out suh," and with that the black hand once more began its tugging. With a sigh, Sword-Frog sat up.

It was all a dream, here was no large red-faced brigadier, but only the smiling face of the porter.

Wearily he began to dress, while shaving, he thought of a few words that he would have to say to Serjeant Bayonet. He had no sooner thought of them than his fingers began to fly about their appointed tasks. Almost before he realized it, he was walking through the cars to give a piece of



He was tormented by visions-----.

his mind to one particular serjeant.

He came to the first car his men were in, as he opened the door, he could hardly believe his eyes. All were up, busy rolling blankets, cleaning the car, and other wise busying themselves about the ordeal of once more cleaning up. The strangest sight was Serjeant Bayonet; the doughty serjeant was extremely busy with mop, pail and water.

"It can't be true.....I'm still asleep, and this is a nightmare, sent to haunt me," groaned Lieut. Sword-Frog, as he held his suddenly pounding head with both hands.

"Good morning, sir," came a chorus of voices. It was true then, the poor lieutenant thought. If it was true, then the end of the world had come, or and here, he had a deep dark suspicionthey were all drunk.

He called Sjt. Bayonet. That individual, handing his mop, pail and water over to another willing hand, came down the car, halted and, "Sir."

"Oh, Serjeant, who is responsible for this sudden display of energy?" It must be true, Sword-Frog could not detect even the faintest trace of achohol on the Serjeant's breath.

"Well, Sir, the men are used to rolling out at reveille, and well..... we wanted to get everything cleaned before breakfast. The catch is this, and here the Serjeant lowered his voice like a conspirator and whispered "I told them, that the lads who had the cleanest car would eat first."

"Hmmm, well it's certainly worked this time, but what about the next?" asked the now alert officer.

"I've got that figured out too, sir. You see, well, whoever wins this time will want to get into the dining-car first again, and the lads that lose will want to be first also and... it's a cinch, they'll be busy policing the cars the whole blamed time. But we'll have to be careful, sir, you know sort of see that each of the cars gets a chance at being first, but you will know how to work that," whereupon the serjeant, beamed expectantly at his present C.O.

"Good lord, man," replied Sword-Frog, "you get me into the damndest messes, and then expect me to get by afterall the difficulties you can scare up. I really believe that you go out of your way to think up things for me to do. Have you ever given a thought to what these lads are going to think. If I try to make it appear that a different car has won the first chance at each meal, the lads are going to smell a rat. Do you suppose that they aren't going to have a look at the car that's cleaner than their own? Well, what's your answer? If one lot are perpetually cleaner than the other two, how in the devil can I say that some other car is better."

"Well, sir, I've thought of that too, you see this pail here, well there is quite a collection of very second-hand butts and stuff int it. Well, I can always spread some where it'll be seen but sorta hard to. I mean I can drop some into a corner or something, you see it, and....."

"Don't like it, won't have anything

to do with it. Damn it all, Serjeant, if one car consistently wins, it wins and on your own head be it. And further more, take that pail of filth and get rid of it, outside, So helpme, if I find one of those disgusting relics in anyone of these cars, I'll make you eat 'em." With that, Lieut. Sword-Frog strolled majestically into the little cubbyhole where he and Sgt. Bayonet had established the first-aid post. When the time came to inspect the cars, he made sure that the worthy Bayonet was always in front.

The men had really done a great job. It was next to impossible to decide the winner. However the job was finally done and the winner named. The men from the winning car, paraded jubilantly into the dining-car first. The rude remarks that they passed about the other cars as they passed through called forth deep vows to mop the ground with them at the first opportunity from the not so lucky ones.

All that morning, the men were hard at work, when lunch time came the job was really impossible. But there was one ray of sunshine for the perspiring Lieutenant. The winners at breakfast were most definitely the losers at lunch. Sword-Frog shut his eyes and after a mental game of tossing coins announced, "Car Two, Wins by a very close margin. The order for lunch will be, Car Two, then one, then three."

TO BE CONTINUED ! ! ! !

★ THE BOUT OF THE CENTURY ★

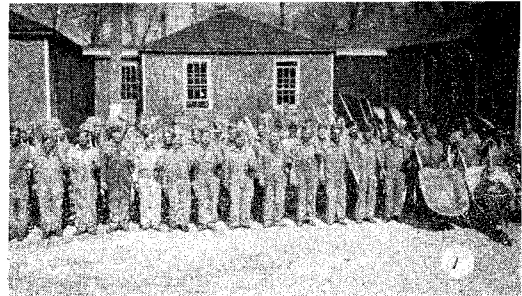
"Tiny" Paziuk and Mickey Tomlinson are to be matched in the "Feature Bout" of the 1943 Training Centre boxing



season, according to an announcement made recently by the R.S.M. Both boys work in the Pay Office and Mickey keeps in shape carrying over new or repaired chairs for Tiny.

No. 2 Coy. -LABOR of LOVE-

With the advent of spring and the accompanying yearn for outdoor sports No 2 Company set to with a will and erected volley-ball nets and raked and levelled the playing fields. Corporal Hawryluk, picture(3), perches on his vantage point while snapping photographs of: (1) the shovel and rake brigade fall in, (5) the boys hard at



work and in the close-up, picture(4), the boys relax after having completed the job. Captain Townshend, the President of the Sport's Committee can be observed sitting in the barrow. In number (2) four desperate N.C.O's appear to be hiding out while the work progresses. Note the grim look of approval, and satisfaction.



By I. Mac

HELLO CENTURION READER! :

This is being fairly shouted at you because at present I'm having to feel in Italics and think in Capitals in order to raise myself above the radio blaring in one corner, and a gramophone in another. All about this new Recreation Hall of ours, the girls are having a merry time. In the centre of the room our most dignified C.W.A.C. girls are swinging it, or to make it stronger, they are having a real jam session....It's terrific! up go a few of the windows....off come tunics and the dance continues. The gay voices and merry laughter are very inviting and unless I shift my face into neutral and draw into a shell of dignity, I'll be leaving pen and paper to join them. This however cannot be done if I want to share with you all the C.W.A.C. news of the past month.

The day came in March when the visions of horror connected with moving became a reality. One noon-hour we came home from our respective positions at the Training Centre to find our Countess Street Barracks, a great chaos. There was only bareness in the place of furnishings which had become dear to us, this was the result of the hustling and bustling of Private Watson, Pte. Foster, and our two Corporals in denim overalls. It was now our turn to uproot things, Sooo! up into our rooms we went..drawers, cupboards, hangers were emptied; small bags, large bags, suitcases and boxes were filled, mattresses, pillows and bedding bound into one large bundle and taken downstairs. Meals were a riot, but the family was a big happy one and everyone dug in and made moving somewhat a picnic. The following day with personal necessities over our arms we found our way to the rooms we had chosen in the new Barracks. Moving from Countess St., was like leaving



an old friend--we all felt badly but youth adapts itself very easily and our new Barracks at the 100th Training Centre are lovely.

There are showers and baths, (with hot water to spare) a Laundry Room and other necessary store rooms. A long hall divides the Barracks in half and down either side are our rooms--they are small but compact and within them there is never a dull moment.

Reveille is now an hour earlier for us...we can hear the training Centre Bugler (sometimes) but we also have our own. An alarm clock goes off in the Corporal's room....lights click on in the Hall...Cpl. Porteous goes in one direction to call each girl in her No. 2 platoon, while Cpl. Brindle goes the other way, calling first Sellers, then Ward..Ward, WARD IT'S TIME TO GET UP! then across the hall to Pte. Watson who gets twice as many calls.

however, with a struggle by 0720 we are ready to fall in with a blow from the Cpl's whistle.

Orders for the day are given, then out onto the road to begin our morning march to breakfast. With the shore road now dry and the weather very springlike this short jaunt is a pleasant appetizer.

There are rumors around we will soon be going on Route Marches once a week and taking drill after breakfast. If the girls take this in their usual stride and good spirit, we'll enjoy this immensely not to mention the fact that our figures can stand some real exercise.

The Recreation Room is being furnished by the Salvation Army Auxiliary Services. Knowing this we are quite confident this room will soon have a homelike atmosphere.

We officially opened this room with a dance. A general invitation was given to the Officers and other ranks of the Training Centre and they came on this certain Tuesday evening through wind and snow and from the happy smiles and twinkling eyes on everyone's faces I know they felt it was worth it. The music supplied by our own Training Centre Swing Band was greatly appreciated. Although Lieut. Bloomfield was thoroughly enjoying himself at the drums we were glad Lieut. Fredrickson took his place once in awhile because he is definitely a splendid waltzer.

Congratulations are in order to one of our quietest C.W.A.C. girls. Her smile is sweet and her honey works at the M.I.R., who knows? Yes it's Bileen Milnes alright and she received her L/Cpl. stripes.

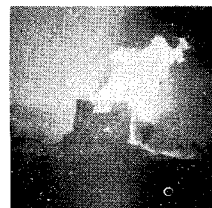
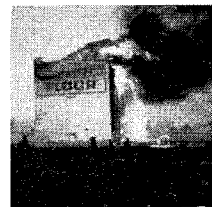
Furloughs are coming up quickly for everyone, perhaps it is just as well. Two weeks are needed to help rid us of the Spring Fever; Cpl. Brindle, Pte. Jones and Sellers returned in high spirits from theirs while we continue to look forward to ours.

The C.W.A.C.'s have also taken part in the Radio Broadcasts from our Camp Auditorium every two weeks--Cpl. H. has been called upon at different

times to render solos and help out in duets, while others took part in a chorus--This was a new experience for many of the girls and when they got over their nervousness they liked the idea.

Blonde and dark girls, tall and short girls are arriving weekly to swell the ranks of the C.W.A.C. personnel at the Training Centre. Pte. M. McDonald, Horsefall, Godin, Fort, and Hickson are among the new arrivals.

— \$75,000 FIRE AT PORTAGE —



These striking four pictures show the progress of the blaze which destroyed grain buildings at Portage recently, while below is a closer view. Pte. C.R. Smith did the photography. Soldiers were active in guarding nearby buildings from the shower of sparks which descended on rooftops.





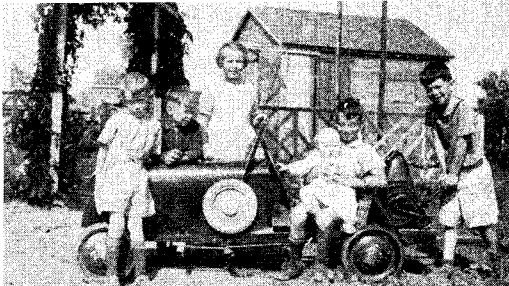
FIRST MANITOBA JEEP

Pte. C. R. Smith can probably claim the honour of being the inventor of the only "jeep" ever born in Manitoba, in addition to being the father of the little brood of six who are shown below as they play in and around the midgit car.

This car was given to Raymond, the oldest boy, for his 1941 birthday. For a while a great time was had as the little car could be

observed making 15 miles per hour down the main street powered with a gasoline washing machine engine.

The fun came to an end however, when a patrolman ordered the driver and his vehicle over to the curb. No--he didn't think the child was speeding but he suspected that he had no driver's license and he was right.



Pte. Smith designed and built the car in his machine shop located in the basement of his happy nest.

A girl should keep fit as a fiddle if she expects her boy friend to string her along.



THE VEIL OF NURSING SISTERS



Every soldier is familiar with the light veil worn by our Nursing Sisters on duty. We got curious one day and asked one of them just why these veils were worn, and she informed us that they dated from the Crimean War, where the nurses were subjected to attack by insects, and having to lean over patients, their neck and shoulders were attacked by these insects causing disease and also discomfort. The original veil was a linen material very heavy, and large, but as time went on this was modified, and today, while the veil is much smaller it is of a light muslin material. It is nowadays more or less of a tradition, and is worn by all nursing sisters only when on duty.



I've only two copper'sh left so
I'm coming home !

\$1,100,000,000

Fourth

VICTORY LOAN

We fight for the Four Freedoms in this our Fourth year of the War. We all of us have spoken very glibly during the past years of Freedom. What is this precious thing called Freedom? Is it a tangible thing; can we cut it up and carry it around with us, can we say, "here in my hand is Freedom?" The answer is no.

Without Freedom, all else is without flavour. Freedom is an intangible thing and yet tangible in its attributes and aspects.

Men have valued Freedom so much that life without Freedom was valueless. Men have poured out their lives that those who were near and dear could have Freedom.

The forces of evil, against whom we are waging this war for Freedom, will if they triumph put an end to Freedom for all time. Think then; what is freedom worth to you. Here in this Canada of ours, we are free, at the present time. Thousands upon thousands of our brothers, fathers, cousins, sisters are over seas fighting OUR war. What have we pledged? They have pledged their LIVES!

If we had to give, NOT LEND our dollars, the price would still not be too high.

Can you sleep, in nights to come, knowing that men and women died in vain because you didn't value Freedom sufficiently to put your dollars into Battledress alongside those gallant people fighting your war! Remember, they have pledged their most valuable possession, LIFE. You can do no less than pledge your dollars to BACK THE ATTACK.

OUR COLONEL IS BACK

Our Commanding Officer, Lt-Col. C.M. Ackland, MC, V.D., has returned to the Centre after his arduous journeys.

When your reporter asked him to tell us what ship, etc., carried him to other ports, we received the following reply: "I sailed on a certain ship from a certain port. The certain ship landed us at a certain port. After a certain interval, we returned on a certain ship from a certain port, to another certain port and then I arrived at the 100th."

So, there you have it. Only the unparalleled opportunities of the Centurion has enabled us to receive and print this arresting, epoch making story.



|| AROUND ||
S THE S
|| CENTRE ||

Hearing a Cpl. instructing a squad in Bren Gun say, "The regulator will be set to third largest hole" we investigated and found that a great number of the men were not in agreement. Therefore we propound the puzzle for the benefit of our readers. See if you can mark the third largest circle.

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LETTERS

A6, C.E.T.C.
Chilliwack,
B.C.

Dear Sir:

We are forwarding a copy of our camp newspaper, "The Sizzler," which we thought you might like to see. Also, we wish to exchange copies with "The Centurion" in the future.

Because we took our basic training at 100th, and were casual contributors, we are very much interested in your "Centurion."

We came to this Engineers' Training Centre from 100th, as we have already mentioned, and found that it did not have a camp newspaper of any description, which seemed very strange to us who were accustomed to one. We proceeded to organize one.

This is only our second issue and consequently not the ultimate in what we hope to achieve. It is however, a start--and we hope the "Sizzler" will become as regular a part of the camp as your "Centurion" has at 100th.

We wish "The Centurion" continued and greater success.

Sincerely yours,
Spr. T.F. Lang, Editor
Spr. E.R. Danks, Asst.

--- 0 ---

Editors Note: Congratulations A6 and may your paper have the success it deserves.

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#2 C.I.R.U. C.A.O.
Mar. 6, 1943.

Dear Harry and All the Gang:

Just a few lines to let you know that as yet the weather and the people here, haven't as yet got me down, although I will admit I do feel a bit browned off at times.

The other day I had a very pleasant surprise when Col. Ackland walked into the mess. Little did Crowe or myself dream of seeing him. Many a chat we had and of course a drink or two or three but enjoyed it very much. Crowe I might mention is in hospital now with both feet in casts, His arches are broken so no doubt his category will be lowered if they can't fix him up. I have developed a little rheumatism so guess we are just a couple of cripples.

I have a new job now acting Q.M., so have my hands full, don't know what its all about but will learn I hope.

Well I suppose there has been a lot of changes there in 6 months but anyway give my regards to everyone.

Cheerio

Oakley

(How about a line Stew, Phil and the rest of you bu---.)

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FIRE ! !

If fire should strike at our rapidly growing centre, we are well prepared to fight it to the last drop of water.

Under Major C. Leighton's experienced guidance, our fire fighting tactics have been improved and the equipment overhauled and expanded.

Our R.S.M. S. Mitchell by his whimsical instruction to the fire piquet each morning has assured that there will be a splendid crop of smoke eaters.

In the picture you see the hose cart which stands always ready for instant action.

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M.P.O. 1105
Port Alberni, B.C.
18 April 43.

Dear Sir:

Just a line in regards to the "Centurion" magazine for which I subscribed a years subscription.

I certainly welcome getting these copies as I found it to be a very interesting magazine.

--Gnr. D.S. MacMurachy.

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Since the last edition of the CENTURION, our commanding officer, Lt.-Col. C.M. Ackland, M.C., V.D., has returned to the centre from "On Command" overseas, where he spent six weeks visiting infantry training centres of both the Canadian and British Army.

Filled with enthusiasm at the power packed by a modern infantry regiment, the Colonel was not long in telling what he had seen in his travels. All who heard him likewise were enthused with new weapons he described.

The Colonel made it his business to check with Reinforcement Units overseas to see how troops trained in our centre measure up to standards required across the big pond. He also made it his business to see that such troops get a square deal when they arrive over there.

Changes in the centre, noted by the Colonel on his return, were the new buildings--namely, the Dental Clinic, hospital wing, Quartermaster's stores, indoor shooting range, and C.W.A.C. barracks--to say nothing of a vastly improved band, jeeps and Quaks all over the place.

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We are wondering who the medical officer is that had occasion to check two of the C.W.A.C. for not saluting, and received the following for a reply: "Sorry, dear, I won't do that again?"

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Editorial

Published monthly by 100th Canadian Army
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Commanding Officer	Lt. Col. C.M. Ackland.
Second in Command	Major C. Leighton.
Adjutant	Capt. W.P.C. Avery.
EDITOR	Capt. H. Hartland Stevens.
Associate Editor	Capt. G.W. Stevens.
Ast. Editor	Pte. G.M. Lake.
Sports Editor	Capt. F. See (Aux. Services)
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	Sgt. W.E. Merrick
	Pte. H.S. Boone
Circulation	Cpl. H. Rainbird
	Sgt. H. Petreman
	Sgt. W.V. Williamson
	Cpl. J. Todhunter
Photographers	Pte. C.R. Smith
	Cpl. M. Hawryluk

SECURITY ! ! !

Recently we had a few words generally on the subject of security of information. We were asked, the other day, what was meant by "information."

In the army the general term "information" means military information.

Just as the United Nations each maintain military intelligence sections for gaining information about our enemies; the Axis countries also maintain similar organizations.

Therefore it behooves each and every one of us to keep a tight check upon our tongues. We must be continually on guard against imparting information of any kind to any person.

Now then what do we mean by information of any kind to any person? The answer is best illustrated by the story of a recruit from this centre who had just gone home on a weekend leave. When he arrived home his father asked, "Well son, what all do they learn you at Portage?"

"Nothing much, Dad. The first week we learnt the music of Roll Out the Barrel. The second and third weeks we learnt the words, the fourth fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth weeks we practices the words and music together."

We are quite sure that the recruit in question had learnt the lesson of NOT TALKING about ANYTHING military to ANY PERSON.

Do not discuss even with members of your family anything connected with military life. Do NOT write military to so called "Pen Pals" who are nearly all not the "Pals" they make out to be. In fact it is definitely against orders to do so. The enemy by receiving news of special training can very shrewdly guess our intentions. Your best bet when questioned by others is to know nothing and say nothing.

If those very pleasant people throw a party for you and try to acquire information, tell your commanding officer and he'll see there is a party thrown for them.

So remember, do NOT TALK about ANYTHING to ANYBODY!

STRENGTH INCREASE

Congratulations to Pte. G.R. Veley upon the birth of a daughter.

Congratulations to Pte. W. Bamburak, on the birth of a daughter.

Congratulations to Pte. J. E. Brown, on the birth of a son.





Military District No 10, organized for a great showing in the Fourth Victory Loan Campaign. In the top picture can be seen the District Committee, left to right, Lt. R.M. Reynolds, Capt. Young, Lt.-Col. G. Dudley (Chairman), Lt.-Col. S. Baxandall, and Capt. C. Munro.

On the left of this page Lt.-Col. Ackland addresses his men in the Recreation Hall upon the official opening of the 100th Victory Loan Drive. So well did the men respond that at the half-way mark the centre was \$3,000 over the quota with \$28,000 subscribed, and 415 subscriptions.

In the top picture on the right among the delegates at the M.D. 10 Drive Opening are, Major R. B. Code, Capt. Harry Stevens, Capt. Bill Acheson and Capt. S. Jauvish. In the bottom picture the delegates receive final instructions.



Centurion Girls



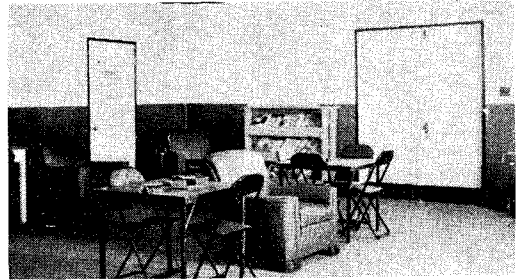
This month we show Mrs. Reine Stevens, wife of Capt. H. H. Stevens, in the uniform of the British Empire Air Training Scheme, No. 7. Air Observation School. These uniforms have only recently been issued to the staff at the Portage field, and add just one more to the various uniforms worn by the many branches in which girls and women are assisting in the War effort.

The skirt is of grey, with blue shirt-waist, black tie, and a suit style coat double breasted type, dark Blue, with the crest of the British Empire Air Training

Scheme on the left side. The hat is of same shade as the coat, on the lines of the Military Service cap, with a blue wing on which is a button at its base marked AOS.

We are told all the girls feel quite snappy in their outfits.

-Reading ~ Room.-

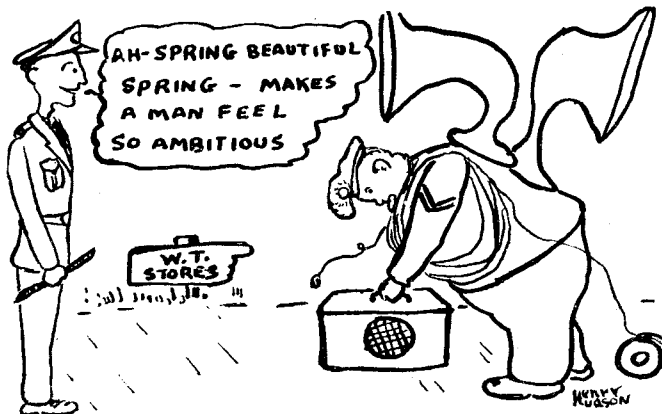


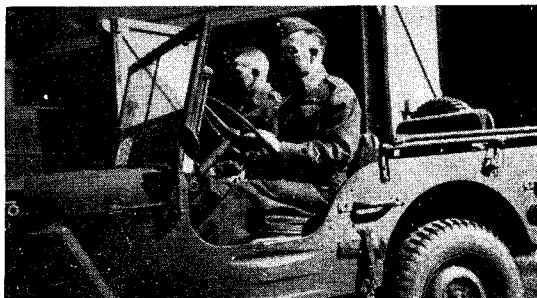
Deserving of credit for excellent work done in camp, is the Salvation Army. The picture above shows the reading and writing room equipped largely with furnishings supplied by this organization. Here the men are supplied with writing paper and envelopes.

Other Salvation Army projects include, Sports equipment, furnishings in the C.W.A.C. Barracks and also Screen Shows twice weekly in the auditorium.

— BEST SHOT RECEIVES MEDAL —

Scoring a possible in test firing and also a possible in medal competition, Pte. F. M. Steel can be seen below receiving the decoration for his exceptional shooting ability. He is the best shot in No. 3 Coy.





Col. Ackland and his second in command, Major Leighton board a jeep. The O.C. is reported to be a very skillful driver of the jeep and can demonstrate its manoeuvrability.

Readers who have subscribed to the Centurion are reminded that they should advise the Editor of all changes of addresses.

A Clipping From--

"Manitoba Calling"

The new Camp Auditorium of the 100th Canadian Army (Basic) Training Centre, Portage la Prairie, is the scene of a series of programmes being broadcast over CKX, Brandon.

Not only are these broadcasts popular with the men of the Centre, but listeners have expressed much favorable comment on the excellent talent brought before the microphones.

Welcome To our C.O.

The Serjeants' Mess Entertained the Officers then friends at a dance in the new Recreation Hall on Thursday, 29th April 1943. The hall was very tastefully decorated in Pink and White and the Training Centre Orchestra provided excellent music.

R.S.M. Sidney Mitchell was M.C. and Lt. Col. C. M. Ackland our C.O., gave a short talk on his experiences overseas.

Serjeant M. Smith provided a Bagpipe selection and he was followed by Sjt. J. C. Coutts on a similar instrument. We observed Sjt. R. O. Russell and his wife stepping out to a Highland Schottische in expert style, but we still think Lt. Redpath is the best form of Conga exponent. A Conga Line was lead by Sjt. A. Pollock.

Sjt. W. Murray announced the dances, and at the close of the dance a delightful little lunch was served.

SOLDIER MEETS GIRL

Yes, it's that same old story, I'll never get married! Well, he hasn't yet, but in the very near future he will be. It all happened on a bright moonlight night, when the soldier while walking with his girl, felt pretty brave, and said, "Do you think I'm a nice fellow?"

"Yes, I do," she said.

"Do you think you love me?" says he?

"Yes, I think I do," says she.

"Will you marry me?" he stammered.

"Yes, I will!" she shouted.



So it's as easy as that, boys, and the next move was to buy some jewelry, whereupon they became engaged to be married.

Congratulations to Miss Vera Green of Portage la Prairie, and one of No 2 Coy's instructors, Sgt. W. V. Williamson formerly of Oak Lake, Manitoba.

